

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

PERSONATION,

AND

X ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA MARRIED AND SETTLED.

Written Respectively by Mrs. Charles Kemble and Charles Selby.



ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITIONS.

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MENT.

Extract from the Preface of the Work :—“ There are certain difficulties that are inseparable from the earliest phases of the dramatic art. There are others that arise chiefly, if not solely, from the want of practical information, arranged in proper order, and conveyed with due simplicity and clearness of definition. Such difficulties necessarily result in a greater or less degree of disappointment to those who are candidates for dramatic honours ; and not unfrequently lead to the abandonment, almost without actual trial, of the profession of the stage by those who might, if properly directed, have come to be reckoned among its chief ornaments.

“ It the purpose of the following pages to remove, where possible, and in all cases to lessen just such difficulties, by furnishing a ready reference to information which shall smooth the way for the more resolute, and, at the same time, encourage the desponding to persevere.”

London : JOHN DICKS, 313 Strand. All Booksellers.

AN INTERLUDE, IN ONE ACT.

First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, April 29th, 1805.



[See page 6.]

LADY JULIA Miss Decamp.

No. 748. Dicks' Standard Plays.

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COSTUME.

LORD HENRY.—1st Dress: As La Roche—drab coat, waistcoat, and breeches, boots, hat and band. 2nd Dress: Fashionable travelling suit.

LADY JULIA.—1st Dress: White muslin. 2nd Dress: As the French Gouvernante—black silk cloak, high French cap, white hair, ruffles, long gloves, spectacles. 3rd Dress: Elegant dress. 4th Dress: As the French Gouvernante.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means Right; L. Left; D. F. Door in Flat R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; S. E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D. Middle Door; L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance; R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance; L. S. E. Left Second Entrance; P. S. Prompt Side; O. P. Opposite Prompt.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre; RC., Right of Centre; L.C. Left of Centre.

R.

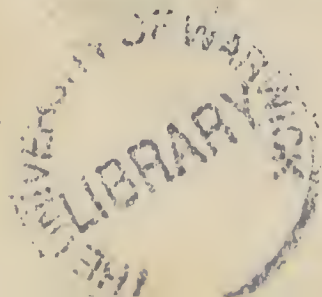
RC.

C

LC.

L.

. The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.



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PERSONATION.

SCENE.—An Apartment opening into a garden, with doors, C. F.—a table and two chairs.

Enter LADY JULIA, with a candle and a letter.

Lady J. My plot is laid, my servants are all disposed of, and I think I cannot fail of success; but let me once more peruse this curious epistle, for on that depends all my future operations. (Reads.) "My dear Lady Julia, you will, ere this can reach you, be in anxious expectation of receiving your cousin, Lord Henry, to whom you have promised your hand immediately upon his arrival; he is on the point of setting out, and I have to communicate to you the wildest project that ever entered a young man's brains." A wild project, indeed! But I'll cure him of his fancies when once we are married. (Reads.) "Lord Henry considers himself a philosopher; to doubt is to be wise, according to his creed; and eager to discover whether three years' absence have made any alteration in your manners and sentiments, he means to present himself to you under the character and disguise of his travelling servant, La Roche. I thought it a pity that you should be taken by surprise, and have therefore said thus much to put you upon your guard—your own discretion"—well, this is all that is to the purpose; so then I am to be taken by surprise?—to be detected, found out—but I am much mistaken if the biter will not be bit. The moment draws near when I expect him; my first plan is to overwhelm him with my coldness, my indifference—

Lord Henry. (Without, L.) C'est bon! c'est bon!

Lady J. (Looking out, L.) Ah, here he is, and sure enough, disguised as his servant, La Roche.

Enter LORD HENRY, L, running.

Lord H. Oh! ma foi. (Stopping short.) Milles pardons, miladi. (Bowing with great respect.)

Lady J. Whom do you seek, friend?

Lord H. Excuse me, madame, I am milor Henry's most humble servant. I arrive only dis moment.

Lady J. With Lord Henry?

Lord H. Helas non, madame; he vas fly on de ving of Cupid to trow him at your knee, bnt his diable de poshay turn over.

Lady J. (With indifference.) Overturned?

Lord H. Overturn—fracassé! all broke en leetel bit, comme ça. (Showing the top of his thumb.)

Lady J. Broken to pieces?

Lord H. En tousand piece! So, madame, malgré, spite of his nrrey to kiss de vite hand of miladi, he could no come no furdur den de village vere de accident happen.

Lady J. (Aside.) His lordship tells a falsehood with a tolerable grace for a philosopher.

Lord H. (Aside.) She does not seem much moved at the accident for a bride.

Lady J. And so, Lord Henry—bless me, how cool the evenings are growing—Lord Henry will be detained some days longer at the village?

Lord H. Vraiment, miladi, I am ignorant. (Aside.) How she frezes me!

Lady J. He must have received a great shock?

Lord H. (Emphatically.) Very great shock, indeed, miladi!

Lady J. I hope he feels no other inconvenience from his present situation?

Lord H. Non, madame, he vill soon be onred of his wound.

Lady J. Oh, he is wounded, is he? Oh, then, one had better send—

Lord H. Do not derange you, miladi, he vil get de better of his wound, be you surc.

Lady J. Are you certain that his head is sound?

Lord H. Madame!

Lady J. Madame! I say, are you certain that his head is sound?

Lord H. Très certain, 'tis very sonnd. I will answer for dat.

Lady J. Will you? (Aside.) that's more than I will. Well, friend, return to your master, and tell him—

Lord H. I should be enchanté to obey de commands of miladi, but mon maitre order me to wait him here.

Lady J. To wait for him here! that's very awkward, for I am going to a fête at a neighbouring villa, and I have promised to take all my servants with me—how unfortunate! However, I daresay we shall be able to find some hole or corner to poke you and your master into. I'll send my French honsckeeper to you. I declare I am so shocked at this accident, that I shall not have spirits to dance or to sing, or to do anything; you'll tell your master how affected I am.

[Sings and exit, R.]

Lord H. (Bowing very low till she is quite out of sight and hearing.) Lady Julia, Lady Julia! false, faithless woman! well, well, well. I had judged solidly of this frothy moiety of the human race—to doubt is to be wise—conviction follows; but for this disguise, I should have made a fine fool of myself here. Since I have made so good a beginning; faithful to my project, let me see it to an end. I'll watch my lady fair narrowly, interrogate this French housekeeper whom she is sending to me, probe her to the quick, and by hook or by crook, La Roche may find out what Lord Henry might have discovered too late.

Re-enter LADY JULIA, R., disguised as a French *Gouvernante*.

Lady J. Ah, sare: you are here—miladi has just given order and direction for your account, and I come to execute dem wiz all propair degree of promptitude and alacrité! and to express to you, sare, how very sincerely I feel de greatest plaisir and satisfaction in performing de office and functions of my post, my avocations.

Lord H. (*Aside.*) There's a whirlwind! (*To her.*) Oh! my heart is pénétré wiz your goodness, madame.

Lady J. Madame! ah, give me leave to tell you, sare, dat you bestow upon me une appellation which minpride, min modestie—

Lord H. Oh, mademoiselle! pardonnez moi, miss.

Lady J. Yes, sare—miss, niss, I am a miss; but it has only depend upon m'aself to beecome intituled to madame; but de modestie, which belong to min sex, to min nation, particularly—in short, sare, I am single and ver much at your service; but I stand here chatter, like a littel child, and I forget dat monsieur a besoin de rafraishment after dis journey.

Lord H. Oh, mam'selle, it is sufficient rafraishment to see your beautyfaae.

Lady J. Ah, very praitty indeed! vill you sit down? (*Chairs brought down by Lord Henry—much ceremony in sitting.*) Monsieu. La Roche, between onrsel, do you tink dis marriage between milor and miladi vill take place, eh?

Lord H. Certainment.

Lady J. I taught so once, mais—

Lord H. (*With great earnestness.*) Mais what?

Lady J. One see so many tink, dat von is sorry to see—tant de dissimulation—

Lord H. En vérité!

Lady J. Monsieur La Roche, je ne me mêle jamais des affaires autres—I nevair troubles me wiz de business dat does not eoucern minself, but you have inspired me wiz a friendship—

Lord H. Ah!

Lady J. Wiz a consideration—

Lord H. Ah!

Lady J. Wiz—you understand—and I must tell you, dat miladi expeet, dis very night—

Lord H. (*Very eagerly.*) A lovail?

Lady J. Allez douo! allez done! you know very well what a young lady expeet.

Lord H. (*Aside.*) The devil!

Lady J. He come here disguise—

Lord H. In disguise?

Lady J. Oui, disguise! no greater caution was taught necessary wiz a servant.

Lord H. (*Rising.*) Perfidious woman!

Lady J. What is de matter, eh, monsieur?

Lord H. Noting, noting. (*Aside.*) Did not think greater caution was necessary wiz a servant.

Lady J. Eh, monsieur, if mon speetacle does not deceive me, vous est pale—you are pale.

Lord H. Pale, pale! No I see, I see. (*Rises.*)

Lady J. Eh, vat do you see?

Lord H. I see milor coming dis vay, and I must obey. Vous de la—out of the way, you old devil.

[*Exit, L.*]

Lady J. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! my consin has forgotten his French before the end of his first scene! These men, with what phantoms they torment themselves. Yet I own I thought this cousin of mine more wise, than complaisantly to come and

teach me how far I might deceive a jealous husband; and these are the lords of the creation! Heaven help us poor women!

Lord Henry. (*Without, L., speaking in his natural voice.*) Let the rest of the servants return to the inn. (*As La Roche.*) Oui, milor. (*As Lord Henry.*) I may want your assistance."

Lady J. 'Tis very like you may.

Enter LORD HENRY, elegantly dressed, L.

Lord H. Good woman, do you belong to this house?

Lady J. Oui, sare, miladi bring me from Paris, just two year, thirce month, and five day.

Lord H. A truee to dates. I am Lord Henry.

Lady J. Ah, milor!

(*Curtseys with great respect.*)

Lord H. Be quick, and announce me to your lady—is she in the house?

Lady J. Oui, milor, dat is to say, non.

Lord H. Yes—no—

Lady J. Ah, she was on de point to go to a grand elateau, to make a visit, but now milor is arrived, I don't know how far she may—

Lord H. Furies!—without tormenting me any longer, go and see, then!

Lady J. (*Going, recollects herself and returns.*) Milor, I have de honour to be, wiz de greatest respect imaginable, votre très humble, très obeissante.

Lord H. Go to the devil!

Lady J. Oui, certainly, milor.

[*Exit, R.*]

Lord H. So, so, so! It was not thought necessary to use greater precaution with a servant; well, we shall see whether the master is to be treated with the same audacity. Oh, thou happy and fertile invention of mine, how much I thank thee for? we shall see this cautious rival, who takes so much pains to disguise himself—the coward! and Lady Julia to have a regard for such a fellow. But my arrival must be announced by this time. How she will tremble in my presenee! I really pity her—but away with such weakness from my breast. Ah, she's here.

Enter LADY JULIA, R., dressed for a party.

Lady J. Welcome, welcome, my dearest Henry!—ten thousand welcomes! This shocking accident of yours—La Roche, no doubt, informed you—

Lord H. (*Sarcastically.*) He did.

Lady J. Had he not prevented it, I should have flown to your assistance. Why, Henry, you are thoughtful.

Lord H. (*Aside.*) What unparalleled dissimulation!

Lady J. For heaven's sake dispel the cloud that hangs about your brow; your presence should bring nothing but joy to your Julia—I have been too long a prey to melancholy.

Lord H. To melancholy?

Lady J. Yes; shut up in this solitude. Hark! don't I hear the sound of a carriage?

Lord H. Some company?

Lady J. Yes; not that I like them. Neither will you; but I expect half the world. There's Lady Rachel Rattlecap, Sir Frederick Phast, the two Misses Scarcrow, the Countess of Roundabout, and last, not least, in our dear love, the Honourable Edward Eastdale.

Lord H. What! (*Strictly observing her.*) That young fop, the greatest coxcomb in the country!

Lady J. Speak a little less severely, sir, of a person I esteem.

Lord H. (*Aside.*) That's the man!

Lady J. Eastdale has his merit.

Lord H. Oh, sublime!

Lady J. And, if he came alone, would meet with a very different reception.

Lord H. No doubt on't.

Lady J. However, to prove to you that I would owe my happiness to you alone, I will go and endeavour to get rid of these troublesome intruders; in the meantime, Henry, do you take a turn in the little wood—you no doubt remember how its winding walks and fragrant shrubs can lull a lover's anxious mind to pleasing reverie. Go—go to the little wood—to the little wood.

[*Exit, R.*]

Lord H. To the little wood, there to loiter patiently along the winding walks, while the perfidious—to the little wood. (*Imitating her.*) Curse the little wood! Was ever man so treated by a false, deceitful woman? I will show no more weakness, feel no more regret. What compels me to put up with this outrage, and suffer a trifling coxcomb to rob me with impunity of my earthly happiness? Nothing! I'll give way to the transports of rage that rise within my breast—revenge myself on the ungrateful creature; I'll kill this rival, or perish by his hand! Yes, and when he is no more, I'll kill him again. (*Looking off, R.*)

Enter LADY JULIA from the Garden, c. r., disguised as the *Gouvernante*; she appears to be on the look-out.

Lord H. Well, what's the matter?

Lady J. Nothing, nothing!

Lord H. What are you doing there? Are you set as a spy upon me?

Lady J. Milor!

Lord H. Do you come to see whether I am in the little wood?

Lady J. Bah, bah! little wood.

Lord H. Nay, no affectation; La Roche has told me all.

Lady J. Monsieur La Roche?

Lord H. Yes, yes; I know the projects of Lady Julia—La Roche has told me; and here, take this. (*Gives money.*) I'll make it worth your while to add to his intelligence. Tell me all you know, and first, what carriage was that?—who were those visitors?

Lady J. Those visiteurs?

Lord H. Ay, this moment tell me.

Lady J. Those visiteurs, as you call dem, are—

Lord H. Who—what are they?

Lady J. They are but only von—

Lord H. But one?

Lady J. Von single gentleman is all dat has enter de door dis day.

Lord H. And he, no doubt, is a lover?

Lady J. Ah, he call himself so!

Lord H. Perdition! and this lover, no doubt, is disguised?

Lady J. Non, milor, your arrival make a grande change, and he is dress—parbleu! he is dress like you.

Lord H. I understand—thrown off all constraint. Well—what have they done with him—where is he, I say?

Lady J. At dis moment—at dis moment, he is wiz miladi.

Lord H. With her ladyship!—alone?

Lady J. Quite alone, quite alone, by demselves—wizout anybody dare!

Lord H. Furies! What, you saw her with him?

Lady J. As plain as I see minself wiz you.

Lord H. Indeed! And did you see nothing else?

Lady J. O, oui, to be sure.

Lord H. (*Raising his voice violently.*) What?

Lady J. He was in a grande rage.

Lord H. In a rage—and wherefore?

Lady J. Because he had taken it into his head dat he had got a rival.

Lord H. He has—he has a dangerous rival, and he shall soon feel the whole weight of my resentment.

Lady J. Et no, poor creature, let him alone, let him alone; for as far as I could see, he want it here. (*Pointing to her head.*)

Lord H. He's a fool.

Lady J. Your lordship knows him, I perceive dat.

Lord H. And so her ladyship—

Lady J. She seem to be making a jest of him.

Lord H. Poor deluded wretch.

Lady J. At length, fearful of a discovery, she become very anxious to put an end to de interview, and as it is growing dark, dey have agreed to meet again in de little wood, in ordair, I suppose—

Lord H. (*Furiously.*) To do what?

Lady J. Bah! it is impossible to talk to such a man as dat.

Lord H. That a fool—a fop—a coxcomb, should be able to make such rapid progress in her heart as—

Lady J. (*Taking the candle.*) I can convince you of it.

Lord H. Be it so—I take you at your word.

(*Goes hastily and grasps her hand.*)

Lady J. Et non, milor, you are in too grande a passion. (*He shakes her hand, and she drops the candle—stage dark.*) Dare now, you are more in de dark than evair—stay quiet, I vill get a candle—mais, si vous escri, et tempeti—ah, moi foi, c'est impossible! (*Pretends to go out.*)

Lord H. How is it possible to have the least command of myself in this house? Hush, I hear a footstep. I can see nothing—unlucky darkness—however, it conceals me—let me be all attention.

Lady J. (*Aside.*) Now to speak in my own person. (*Aloud.*) Yes, all things considered, 'twill be the wisest plan; and every reasonable being will readily excuse me.

Lord H. 'Tis Lady Julia, and alone.

Lady J. My lot with Lord Henry would have been too deplorable; he is jealous—imperious—proud of his supposed superiority—Eastdale promises me a happier destiny.

Lord H. (*Unable to contain his feelings any longer.*) Ah!

Lady J. Who goes there? Eastdale—Eastdale—dear Eastdale, is it you?

Lord H. (*Aside.*) Let me take advantage of her error. (*To Lady Julia.*) Yes; 'tis I.

Lady J. You have merited my fullest confidence, and I am yours. Yet I think it necessary to inform you that till this day I loved this cousin to whom I was going to be united.

Lord H. (*Greatly agitated.*) Lady Julia!

Lady J. Experience has shown me my danger,

taught me to appreciate your gentlo qualities, and you receive, since such you think it, the prize predestined to a rival. The only question now is, how best to dispose of Lord Henry!

Lord L. How best to dispose of Lord Henry!

Lady J. Yes, I have thought it the wisest way—the most decorous—to present him to you as my husband. I have, therefore, had this marriage article drawn up. Go—there are lights in the Pavilion—sign the paper, and return with a candle. (Lord Henry sighs.) Why do you sigh?

Lord H. Poor Henry!

Lady J. Poor fellow!—But we won't think of him now.

Lord H. (Aside, taking the parchment from her.) What have I lost! wantonly lost! If she knew my feelings at this moment, she might still perhaps—I'll sign, however, and she shall see I have too much honour to take advantage of the error which she herself is in.

(Goes out upon the terrace c. to r.)

Lady J. So now we draw to a conclusion. Oh, my dear cousin, I'll teach you to plot! Plot indeed! as if we women were not always better at that sport. (Looking through the folding doors, c.) By all my hopes, he signs, and without examining the contents! Excellent!

Enter LORD HENRY, with a candle and the parchments, c., from r.; he throws the paper on the ground, and sits down in great agitation.

Lord H. There—there's the instrument.

Lady J. Ah! Mon félicité est complete—mon félicité est complete.

Lord H. What voice do I hear?

Lady J. Dat of your wife, mine dear. Come, dear, oome to these spotless arms.

Lord H. Thou infernal old hag! return that fatal instrument immediately, or—

(Attempts to snatch it.)

Lady J. Et non, non, non! If your passion vill not let you see what one is worth—(coughs violently.) It is only a littel cough which takes me in de winter.

Lord H. I wish it had taken you off. I am a dead man.

(Throwing himself into a chair, with his head upon the table.)

Lady J. He is a dead man! I have not seen many such dead men as dat. Ah! let me tell you, sare, for all de passion you are in, I have got some good blood in mon vein, and dere was a miladi in mine family, before you make me vone. And when I take off dis wire-drawn cap, which conceals tresses, in which, spite of deir silver hue, many an incautious swain has been caught, dat hover too near dem—when I take off dese spectacles, which intercept oder beams dan dose of the sun—when I pull off dese gloves, which cover a hand dat might have blessed even a philosopher—when I take off dese ruffles of two grandmothers and a maiden aunt—

Lord H. (Aside.) What!—the devil! is she undressing herself?

Lady J. When I untie dis ponderous apron, which would transform a fairy into a duenna, (Speaking in her own voice and accent.) when I draw off this cloak from a bosom which conceals a heart, the truth of which a faithless cousin ought never to have doubted—then, perhaps, he would as readily take Madame la Gouvernante to wife, as Lady Julia herself.

Lord H. Lady Julia!

Lady J. Your faithful Julia.

Lord H. Is it possible? Am I awake?

Lady J. Most trully so, and never to dream of jealousy again, I hope.

Lord H. And—well, well! when I was disguised as La Roche, who would have thought—

Lady J. “By the Lord I knew you, Hal!” and I have my unclc's letter to prove it.

Lord H. My angel! If ever again I—Dear me! I was in a deuce of a fright. I began to think I was fairly taken in.

Lady J. So you were, and so shall I be, too,

Unless our frolic be approved by you.

(To the audience.)

CURTAIN.

Disposition of the Characters at the fall of the Curtain.

LORD HENRY.

R.

LADY JULIA.

L.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

MARRIED AND SETTLED.

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY CHARLES SELBY.

First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, December 4th, 1843.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 9.]

ANTONY (A trifle sobered, but still gay and rollicking)	Mr. Wright.
CLEOPATRA (A trifle wiser, but still fond of Masquerading)	Miss Woolgar.
LITTLE ANTONY (A small trifle in a cradle)

TIME IN REPRESENTATION.—Thirty Minutes.

COSTUME.

ANTONY.—1st dress: Striped grey pantaloons—shabby shoes—flowered waistcoat with rolling collar—green coat with bright buttons—shabby cotton smoking cap—coloured neckerchief. 2nd dress: Scarlet cavalry trousers, black varnished leather round the bottoms and inside the legs—japanned boots—hussar jacket trimmed with fur—powdered wig—military cap.

CLEOPATRA.—1st dress: Stiped light cotton gown—black silk apron with pockets—lace cap. 2nd dress: Fashionable French boots—blue trousers—white Chesterfield wrapper—red satin vest—handsome cravat—black hat—white kid gloves. 3rd dress: Shoes—blue silk stockings—black velvet trousers, band and row of buttons up the sides—blue sash—white shirt, coloured binding round the collar—black cravat—blue cap, hanging top.

SCENE AND PROPERTIES.

ANTONY'S shop—3rd groove—door in centre—street beyond—R. H. window fitted up as a milliner's, with caps, &c.—In L. H. window, coats, &c., as a tailor's—door, R. 2 E.—scene shut in at the sides.

Large screen folded up, R. 2. E.—R. 1 E. a cradle with a baby in it—tailor's board under L. H. window, with coat, tailor's goose, shears, trousers, shoes, sleeve-board, yard measure, handkerchief—box under shop board with Antony's hussar dress complete—low three legged stool—coat block with coat—table opposite R. 2 E.—with writing materials, wafers, pens—chair and broken chair.

Under R. H. window, a counter, cap blocks, caps, &c.—patterns at the corner of the counter near the door—chair opposite R. 2 E.—table with writing materials, wafers, pins, needle-work, &c.—Ironing stove—pap saucepan with bread and milk in it—two chairs—rain ready—umbrellas—key in each door—pocket pistol—card—riding whip.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R.C. *Right of Centre*; L.C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC

C

LC

L.

* * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

MARRIED AND SETTLED.

SCENE (Which remains during the piece).—The Interior of a Shop, opening on a street, with two windows—door of entrance centre. In the right hand window are seen caps and bonnets—on the left hand coats, waistcoats, show-block, with coat, &c. ANTONY is discovered seated cross-legged on a tailor's board, before the window, L. H., making a pair of trousers. CLEOPATRA is at work on a bonnet near window, R. H. Near the audience, 1st E. R., a large screen, folded up. 1st E. L., a cradle, with a baby in it. A door R. H., 2nd E. N.B.—The windows should be fitted up with all the usual articles belonging to a tailor's and a milliner's shop.

Ant. There, I flatter myself I've turned and seated these affairs in a very artistical style; and seeing I've been sitting close to the board for four hours, I've a right to a little relaxation. (*Uncrossing his legs.*) So, Mr. Antony, as I am particularly well-pleased with your industry and general good conduct, I'll treat you to a bottle of wine, and allow you to go out on the spree for an hour or two. (*Jumps from the board, and sings, while he puts on his shoes and coat, and packs up the trousers he has been making in a pocket-handkerchief.*) Heu, peu, peu, tra, la, la, la, &c.

Cle. So, there's my idle wretch of a husband leaving off work in the middle of the day, to go out and enjoy himself with his dissolute companions, while I am shut up here, working like a slave, morning, noon, and night. So, sir, you're off again.

Ant. Yes, love. (*Showing trousers.*) These affairs are wanted immediately, to assist at a wedding, and I promised to take them home directly they were finished. Good bye, dear, I shall be back to tea.

(*Going up c.—She pulls him back by the skirt of his coat.*)

Cle. Stay, sir; not quite so fast, if you please. I've a crow to pick with you, Mr. Antony, so sit down and listen to me.

(*Pushing him into a chair.*)

Ant. But, my love, consider, the gentleman is waiting for his indispensables. (*Showing parcel.*) A wedding, you know—have compassion on the bride. (*Rises—Cleopatra pushes him down.*)

Cle. No, sir; I insist on your staying. We have been married sixteen months and five days, sir; and I think it is high time we should understand each other.

Ant. Certainly, my sweet, we should. (*Child cries.*) There's the child crying—it wants its supper. Good-bye. (*Going, she pulls him back.*)

Cle. No, sir, you shan't stir; go and rock the cradle while I talk to you.

Ant. (*Indignantly.*) Madame Turulooloo.

Cle. Go along, sir.

(*Pushes him to the cradle, and shakes her fist at him.*)

Ant. Eh, oh! (*Mildly.*) Yes, my sweet. (*Takes a low stool, sits by cradle, and rocks it.*) This comes of being "married and settled."

Cle. (*Bringing forward a chair and sitting.*) Now, sir, let me tell you a bit of my mind—once for all—

Ant. That's right, my love, ent it short, please; I hate to hear the same lecture over and over again.

Cle. Don't interrupt me, sir. Once for all, you are a brute.

Ant. (*Calmly rocking cradle.*) Yes, dear.

Cle. An idle, dissipated, good-for-nothing villain.

Ant. (*Rocking.*) Yes, love, anything else that's pleasant.

Cle. Yes, sir, a whole dictionary. You are the bane and torment of my life; you ought to be punished for persuading me to marry you.

Ant. (*Dolefully rocking the cradle.*) I am, my dear.

Cle. Didn't I give up everything for you, you ungrateful monster; mightn't I, if I hadn't listened to your perfidious vows, have been Madame Chaboulard, the wife of a respectable tradesman, and mistress of a large establishment in the lucifer line?

Ant. Yes, love, in which you would have been quite at home—ahem!

(*Rocking furiously, and laughingly aside.*)

Cle. Mr. Antony, do you mean to insinuate that I—

Ant. No, no, my sweet. (*Rocking. — Aside.*) Flower of brimstone—cream of tartar!

Cle. Didn't you promise me, you deceitful wretch, that if I married you, I should live like a lady, and only work for my amusement? Didn't you swear if I'd take pity on you, you'd live to be my slave.

Ant. (*Doleful, rocking.*) Yes, my dear, and I've kept my oath.

Cle. And didn't you promise to give up all your bachelor follies, and be steady?

Ant. Yes, my dear, but you set me a bad example; you would make me take you to the balls and masquerades; and, somehow or other, (it's a strange fact in the natural history of man, that masquerading and dancing with his wife is particularly slow amusement; and often leads the unhappy victim into a course of counter-irritation to recover his lost time), somehow or other, I have occasionally been seduced from my virtuous resolves, and have kicked over the traces of propriety.

Cle. Yes, faithless villain! how often have you left me at home darning your stockings, and repairing your shirts, while you have been at the ball, at the opera, dancing the "galop" with the grisettes and Bayaderes of the *quartier Latin*.

Ant. Too true, my sweet, I blush for my delinquency. But it's a poor heart that never rejoices, and if I have occasionally deviated, haven't I always made amends by my exemplary conduct afterwards? Haven't I taken you to all the theatres? Haven't I indulged all your little whims and caprices? Haven't I danced with you at the *Chaumiere*, in spite of the jeers of my friends and the laws of the police? Haven't we supped together *tête-à-tête*, like lovers in *cabinet particulieres*? Haven't I nearly ruined myself in shawls, bonnets, and dresses for you? Haven't I—

Cle. Stay—stop, sir, if you please, and allow me to make a remark; haven't I nearly killed myself by hard work to support your extravagance?—haven't I sat up night after night to gain money for you to squander at billiards, cards, and dice? (*Crying.*) Wasn't all my furniture seized for your debts the very day we were married, you wretch?

Ant. Yes, my love, along with my valuable rosewood, and family pictures.

Cle. (*Sobbing.*) And what has been the reward for all my sacrifices? (*Sobbing.*) A miserable home,—a—a—(*Rocking on her chair, and hiding her face with her pocket-handkerchief.*)—brutal husband,—a—a—a— (*Sobbing.*)

Ant. (*Aside.*) She's getting up a faint, so I'll cut and run. Yes, my love.

(*He steals off on tiptoe, until he gets near the door, when he makes a bolt. Cleopatra, who has watched him, follows, and brings him back.*)

Cle. No, no, sir, that won't do—you've served me this trick before. Come back.

Ant. I'm like a bluebottle involved in treacle—there's no getting away from her. I'm a miserable victim of *connubial restraint*.

Cle. Now, sir, instead of going out with your disorderly companions, sit down and finish the coat you promised to send home last Wednesday fortnight.

Ant. But, my sweet, consider the wedding, if these very essential articles should be too late, the performance must be put off. Think of the poor bride, and the anxious bridegroom.

Cle. An idle excuse, sir. They belong to the old porter at the hotel opposite; I heard him give you instructions about them; so sit down on your board, sir, and be industrious. (*Shaking him.*) I'll have no more gadding about until the job is finished.

Ant. (*Aside.*) This is too much; I won't bear it. I'll assert my manly dignity and rebel. (*Loudly.*) Madame Turulooloo.

Cle. Well, sir?

Ant. Eh,—oh! (*Drawing back, and speaking mildly.*) Nothing, my dear. (*Aside.*) She looks as if she could bite me; yet, damme! it won't do to be henpecked; I'll have a fight for it, at all events. (*Buttons his coat, arranges his neckcloth, and prepares for a row.*) Now for it! (*Advancing boldly, and speaking loudly.*) Look you, Madame Turulooloo.

Cle. (*Turning on him furiously.*) Eh—what, sir!

Ant. Hold your tongue, madame, and don't presume to interrupt my virtuous indignation. You've roused the lion, and, damme! he'll have his roar. (*Crossing furiously.*) You presume on my good nature, madame, and imagine, because I have been weak enough, for the sake of peace and quiet, to put up with your fantastical airs and let you have your own way, that I'm a poor spiritless milksop, and will allow you to wear the—(*showing parcel*)—these things. No, madam; though I'm a tailor, I'm a mau and the father of a family, and I won't be henpecked. (*Crosses to L.*) No, madam; I stand on my prerogative—I'll go out when I like, come home when I like, say what I like, and do as I like, and if you presume to dispute my authority, damme! I'll turn the house out of window and throw you after it!

(*Knocks down a block with a coat upon it—jumps upon the shop-board—kicks off his shoes, and tosses about the coats, &c.*)

Cle. (*Astonished.*) Well I never! Tony, Tony, have you taken leave of your senses?

Ant. No, madam; I've just come to them.

(*Throwing things about.*)

Cle. Oh, very well, sir, just as you please. (*Picks up his shoes and conceals them by holding them behind her.*) Destroy the property, set fire to the house, do anything that's desperate; I'll help you. (*Throwing about the furniture.*) There's nothing like a good earnest row when you're about it.

(*Throws a cap block at Antony.*) *Ant.* You aggravating hyena! There's no living with you. (*Taking up bundle*) I'll leave the house and never come back. Hollo! what have I done with my shoes?

Cle. I've got them. (*Showing them.*) Ha, ha, ha! (*Laughing.*) You've no others, so I'll force you to stay at home. (*Laughing violently.*) Ha, ha, ha!

(*Puts shoes into room, R. H., and locks the door.*)

Ant. Death and dumplings! this is beyond bearing. I've done with you, madam—done with you for ever! (*Walking about furiously.*) I'll be divorced—I'll remove to another quarter of the city,—I'll—

Cle. You must get a new pair of shoes first—ha, ha, ha!

Ant. (*Stamping with rage.*) Madame, this is too serious a subject to jest upon.

Cle. (*Pointing to his feet and laughing violently.*) Poor soul—ha, ha, ha!

Ant. Zounds! I can't endure this roasting. Shoes or no shoes, I'll go. (*Runs up c., rain is heard.*) Eh! (*Stops suddenly.*) It's raining cats and dogs! If I go out in my stockings I shall catch my death.

Cle. Shall I call you a cab, ducky? Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. Oh, you crocodile! You triumph in your baseness, but you shan't have it all your own way. If I can't go out, I won't be compelled to endure

your society. From this moment we'll have separate establishments. (*Brings forward the screen, and places it across the centre of the stage.*) There, madam; keep to your own side of the house, and never presume to put a toe into my territory.

Cle. Oh, very well, sir; I am delighted at the arrangement. I shall now have a little peace and quiet. (*Child cries.*) Stay, there is a little article of my property I must request you to pass over to me. (*Pointing to cradle.*)

Ant. Your individual property?

Cle. Yes, sir; it's of no use to anyone but the owner.

Ant. Oh! well, well—never mind, it's no affair of mine. (*Putting cradle over to R. H.*) There, madam; take it, take it!

Cle. (*Placing cradle 1st E. R.*) Thank you, sir; should you take a fancy to any little article in return, except your shoes, I shall be most happy to oblige you.

Ant. (*Violently.*) No, madam; all is ended between us,—henceforth we are strangers. I shall inform the public we have dissolved partnership, and then we shall be at liberty to do as we please.

(*Sits at table and writes.*)

Cle. Inform the public! by circulars?

Ant. No, madam; by a much more simpler process—a placard in the window, which I am now writing. (*Reads. "No connection with the milliner next door."*) There, madam; I think that will settle your business.

(*Goes up and puts placard in window.*)

Cle. Yes, when I've added my little card. (*Sits at table and writes.—Reading.*) Madame Cleopatra Turulooloo (what an ugly name), widow (widow in large letters), respectfully solicits the friends of her late husband to honour her with their favours, as she continues to carry on his business. N.B.—Repairs neatly executed, and a suit of clothes made in two hours. There, sir; I think that's a settler for you. (*Places it in window.*)

Ant. (*In a rage.*) There's a she dragon! She'll rob me of all my customers. (*Shaking his fist at screen.*) Oh, you—never mind, I've got rid of her, that's a comfort. I wish I had my shoes.

Cle. Well, Tony dear, how are you getting on?

Ant. Don't dear me, madam; I'll have no impertinence from strangers; don't presume to speak to me, woman—go about your business, I don't know you.

Cle. Bravo! I admire your spirit; there's nothing like carrying things with a high hand. (*Coaxingly.*) Won't you speak to me, dear?

Ant. No, madam; I've done with you for the term of my natural life; this is the last time I'll condescend to address you.

Cle. Dear me, how kind! I shall now be spared the infliction of listening to your raven croaking.

Ant. And I the misery of enduring your peacock screaming.

Cle. (*In a rage.*) Mr. Antony!

Ant. A mill-clack is a fool to yours, for that stops at night.

Cle. Insulting puppy; farewell for ever—these are the last words I'll ever exchange with you. No power on earth shall induce me to speak to you again.

(*Takes a chair, puts it down violently, and sits with her back to the screen.*)

Ant. Delighted to hear it. (*Takes a chair, and sits in imitation.*) And if ever I speak to you, may—never mind—cry murder, robbery, or anything,

see if I attend to you. (*A pause.*) Do you hear, Madame Turulooloo? (*A pause.*) There's an aggravating catamaran! (*Knocking at screen and bawling in a rage.*) Madame Turulooloo! I insist on your answering me. (*A pause.*) You won't; very well, I'll find a way to unkennel you. (*Writes a small note and reads.*) "Madam, you're a vixen; the favour of answer is requested." (*Throws note over the screen, Cleopatra picks it up, reads it, and writes an answer.*) I think that will make her speak. (*Cleopatra throws note over the screen, Antony picks it up and reads.*) "Sir, you are a contemptible puppy; I should like to beat you." Would you indeed? (*Writes hastily and reads.*) "Madam, you're another, I should like to ditto." (*Throws note over the screen, Cleopatra reads it, and writes another.*) There, I think I had the best of her. (*Cleopatra throws over note, he reads.*) "Fool—go and hang yourself." Oh, this is too atrocious! (*Violently.*) How dare you write to me in this manslaughterical manner, madam—how dare you? (*Cleopatra laughs.*) How dare you make game of your lawful husband? (*Striking the screen.*) Give me my shoes, madam, and let me throw myself on the wide world. (*Cleopatra throws over a note, he reads.*) Eh! what's this? Oh! (*In a great rage.*) You salamander:—"Don't you wish you may get them!" How could I be fool enough to throw myself away on such a boa-constrictor? Oh, if I had my shoes! (*Stamps with rage, jumps up suddenly.*) Oh! (*Dances about grotesquely.*) I've run a needle into my foot, oh, oh! (*Takes a chair to sit down, it breaks, and he falls to ground.*) I'm a murdered tailor! My whole establishment has got the rickets! Ah! (*Going up and looking under counter R. H.*) There are the milliner's pattens; if I could manage to steal them, I'd make a shift to get away. (*Stretches out his arm.*) No, they are too far off. (*Takes a yard measure from his board, reaches the pattens with it, and brings them over to his side of the screen.*) Now I've got the pattens, I'm a man again!

(*Sits in chair and ties on pattens.*)

[N.B.—The notes must be exchanged rapidly.]

Cle. I wonder what my beauty is about, he's so quiet, he must be plotting mischief. I'll see. (*Stands on a chair and looks over screen.—Aside.*) So, so, you are going to give me the slip, are you, sir; but I'll foil you, my gentleman.

(*Goes on tip-toe to the street door, locks it, puts the key in her pocket, and exits by door R. H. 2 E.*)

Ant. Now I'm all right. (*Dancing in the pattens.*) Heu, pen, tra, la, la, la—good bye, Madame Vinegar. I'm off. (*Goes to door and finds it locked.*) Eh, hollo, she has locked me in. Oh, this is too bad. (*Returns to front.*) Give me the key, madam, give me the key. (*A knock is heard at the street door.*) Eh, hollo, there's somebody knocking at the shop door; is it a customer for me, or the opposition establishment. (*In a woman's voice.*) Who's there?

A hoarse voice. (*Without.*) 'Tis I, my angel, Timoleon Chabonlard, your husband that was to have been—your faithfully Timmy.

Ant. Zounds, it's old Brimstone and Treacle, the congreve match maker with the shocking bad cold; what the deuce does he want? (*Tapping at screen.*) Cleopatra, I mean young woman, there's your old Lucifer alight again.

Voice. Open the door, my angel; I see by the notice in the window that you have buried your

fool of a husband, so I've come to propose for you again.

(Coughs.)
Ant. Here's an excruciating situation; I'm supposed to be dead—she'll have the whole parish after her.

Voice. Chloe, Chloe, my sweet, don't keep me in the rain, I'm dying.

(Coughs.)
Ant. Why don't you admit the gentleman, madam; stand upon no ceremony with me, I beg; I'm only a lodger.

Voice. Come, Chloe, won't you take pity on me.

(Coughs.)
Ant. How can you suffer the poor gentleman to increase his cold, be charitable and open the door. Eh, it's very strange she doesn't answer; what can she be about. *(Gets in a chair and looks over screen.)* Hollo! damme, she has bolted! oh, the artful tiger cat.

Voice. Chloe, Chloe, my little darling.

Ant. *(Furiously, in a loud voice.)* Be off, you old vagabond, or I'll pitch you into the river.

Voice. Eh, what, what! dear me, bless me—who are you?

Ant. *(Solemnly.)* An unhappy maniac—Antony Turulooloo, the wife of Cleopatra Turulooloo: I mean the husband—be off, old Brimstone and Treacle, or I'll set fire to your manufactory, and blow you to shivers.

Voice. Dear me, dear me, I beg pardon, I thought you were dead—good day, sir, you won't live long, I can wait.

(Coughs.)
Ant. There's an old reprobate, he makes sure of her; I'm in an enviable situation here, deprived of my shoes, dead and buried, and locked up—I'll be fooled no longer, I'll break open the door. *(Rushing to door—child cries.)* Ah! there's the young one waking up, poor little dear, it wants its supper, how cruel of its mother to go away and leave it without food—the husband's heart is hard, but the father's is soft—I must give it its nourishment. *(Takes child from the cradle, sits and feeds it from a small saucepan.)* There, there's a poppet; hush, hushaby—hush! it's very like me—very, just the same interesting twist of the eyes, and insinuating turn of the nose. *(Blows a penny trumpet.)* There, there. *(Nursing child grotesquely.)* Catchee, catchee, catchee. *(Sings.)* ("Hey diddle diddle the cat and the fiddle, &c., &c.") *(A key is heard turning the street door.)* Oh, someone's unlocking the street door, the milliner has come back, I must retreat to my own territory.

(Puts child in cradle and returns to his own side. The shop door is opened cautiously, and CLEOPATRA enters dressed as a dandy, in the extreme of modern fashion.)

Cle. *(Aside.)* Now, Mr. Antony, I'll see if I can't frighten you into staying at home, and being a good husband. *(Aloud.)* Hey, dear me, what the demnation, the dear creature not at home! how destructively annoying.

(Sits.)
Ant. *(Aside, starting.)* Hollo! *(Jumps on a chair and looks over screen.)* Damme, there's a man on the premises, another customer for the widow, it's all over with me.

(Drops into the chair and hastily gets up again.)

Cle. I hope she won't detain me long, pulverize me if I like to be kept waiting. When a man of my fashion condescends to fall in love with a tailor's wife, strike me modest if I don't think it's her duty to be on the look out for him, at all times

and seasons. *(Looking round.)* What a queer arrangement of the shop; I wonder what she has got on the other side, I'll have a look.

(Saunters forward and goes round the scene in front; Antony who has watched her movements, gets down from the chair and goes round the screen at the back.)

Cle. Oh, I see an ingenious contrivance to separate the dear Chloe from her idiotic wretch of a husband, the rascally tailor.

Ant. *(Aside.)* I ought to cut that puppy's throat.

Cle. Poor devil, how nicely we deceive him, Ha, ha, ha! strike me ugly if he isn't the greatest spooney that ever came into the world; ha, ha, ha! Little does he imagine, poor benighted, misguided wretch while he is playing Don Juan at the Chaumiere and the Masquerades, that I am here comforting his wife.—Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. *(Reeling into a chair.)* I'm very ill.

Cle. *(Starting.)* Ah! what's that? I thought I heard a voice on the other side of the screen; if it should be the tailor eaves-dropping—I'll blow his brains out.

(Takes out a revolver, snaps it, and walks up the stage; Antony hearing the click, jumps from the chair in great alarm, and darts round the screen in front, as Cleopatra turns it at the back.)

Ant. What an escape—the blood-thirsty butcher.

Cle. All seems quiet, 'twas a false alarm.

Ant. *(Aside.)* Not on my part, for I'm damnably frightened.

Cle. *(Laughing.)* Ha, ha, ha! I wonder such miserable individuals as tailors should have the audacity to get married—ha, ha, ha! Poor devils, they are very much to be pitied.

Ant. *(Aside.)* Ah, you grinning vagabond; I should like to measure you for suit of mourning.

(Shaking his fist at screen.)

Cle. I should like to see the spooney that I am patronising—I'm told he's an awful guy, a mere apology for a man.

Ant. Oh, I can't stand that. *(Snatching up his shears.)* I'll crop his ears off. *(Rushing in front of the stage and standing in attitude.)* Hollo, hollo there! come out, you scoundrel, come out.

Cle. Eh! who the devil are you? *(Looking at him with a glass.)* A Chocktaw Indian, or a demented earwig in hysterics?

Ant. No, sir, I'm the spooney, the awful guy, the apology for a man, Antony Turulooloo! the—

Cle. Rascally tailor with a pretty wife. How are you, old fellow? delighted to make your acquaintance.

Ant. Keep off, sir, or I'll cut you into waistcoat patterns, though my wife crows over me, damme if you shall; I'll have satisfaction, sir—deadly satisfaction!

Cle. Pooh, pooh, don't give yourself airs! be quiet, fraction of a man.

Ant. *(Furiously.)* Fraction of a man—fraction—you, you—insignificant Tom Tit—you remnant of ladies cloth—you show block—you sleeve board—you yard of cabbage—reflect on my ancient and honourable calling. Oh, scissors; insinuate that it takes nine of us to make a man! What a disgraceful superstition in an enlightened country. Why all mankind are tailors! Adam made his own smalls; Cæsar, Alexander, Cato, Robinson Crusoe,

Napoleon, Robert Macaire, Louis Phillipe, and all the world have tried their hands at the needle.—Show me the man who hasn't mended his trousers, or sewed on buttons.

(Takes the stage in a great rage, using extravagant action.)

Cle. Well, sir; what then?

Ant. What then, sir? *(With great dignity, giving a card.)* There is my card, sir.

(Struts up the stage like a tragedy hero.)

Cle. *(Laughing.)* Ha, ha, ha! Soliciting my custom to your shop—ha, ha, ha! *(Looking at card, starts.)* Eh, what's this? *(Reads in great agitation.)* Eulalie Belletaille, Florist, No. 9, Rue Grammont, sixth floor. Oh, the vile wretch—the perfidious villain! this is the invader of my domestic peace! Oh, I'm going to faint!

(Sinks into a chair.)

Ant. *(Advancing.)* Eh, hollo, my blustering friend seems taken comical—damme, I think he's showing the white feather; I'll swagger a bit. Harkye, Mr. What's-your-name; let me hear from you immediately; I like to settle these things off-hand; to save time, suppose we say five o'clock to-morrow morning—pistols, of course—bring a surgeon and an undertaker, and arrange your family affairs, for you'll be pickled dead as a herring.

Cle. *(Rising suddenly, seizing him with both hands and shaking him.)* You villain!

Ant. *(Struggling.)* Hollo, hollo, Mr. Thingame; come, I say, no nonsense, or I'll call the police!

Cle. You monster! Don't you know me—your injured wife?

Ant. *(Starting, astonished.)* Chloe! Oh, oh! I see; then I am not. Oh, come to my arms, you dear, darling vagabond!

(About to embrace her, she pushes him off.)

Cle. Keep off, you deceitful villain, or I'll scratch your eyes out! Look at that card, and tremble for your life! *(Gives card.)*

Ant. Eh? Eulalie! Oh, pickles—I'm caught. What a fatal mistake!

Cle. *(Cutting him round the stage with a riding-whip.)* You black-hearted villain!—you ungrateful ruffian!—you worthless monster! I've done with you for ever!

[Goes into room, R. H.]

Ant. *(Rubbing his legs.)* I'm glad of it—a very unpleasant mode of cutting an acquaintance.

Re-enter CLEOPATRA, with shoes in her hand.

Cle. There, sir! *(Anthony starts, afraid of the whip again.)* There are your shoes! *(Throws them at him; he puts them on.)* Go—go to your masquerade beauty—your florist on the sixth floor—go to her, sir, and never let me see or hear of you again! I'll pack up all my valuables. *(Takes cradle.)* I'll put the child into the box at the Foundling, and—and—*(Sobbing.)* I'll go into a convent, and be a nun, or drown myself! *(Crying.)* Good-bye—to—to—to—I mean—mo—monster!

[Goes off crying, with cradle, R. H.]

Ant. Stay, Chloe; I'm very sorry; I am, indeed; I swear! It's of no use—this last discovery has dished me. Confound the women, they are always getting me into scrapes! I can never say a civil thing to a pretty girl, but, some way or other, I get whopped for it. It's very wrong, I know, to

pass for a bachelor, and aggravate the dear creatures to love me—but with my advantages what am I to do! This inexpressibly handsome face, this powerfully symmetrical figure, joined with patent leather boots, lemon kids, nobby head of hair, and aristocratical manners, render me irresistible! In fact, it's no use mincing the matter—I'm fatally fascinating. I try, by wearing a mask, or disguising myself in liquor, to counteract my destructiveness, but it's all the same, do what I will, they won't leave me alone; my only chance is to turn hermit, and live in a cave in an uninhabited island. The little flower-maker is my last Sunday's capture, at the Chaumiere. I had just concluded a slight cachuca movement—*(dancing)*—amid the bravos of the assembled fashionables, when I caught her eye fixed on me with devouring interest. I had brought her down unconsciously. To prevent her from committing suicide, I allowed her to engage me for the next galop; and such is my charitable folly, I promised to take her to the masquerade at the opera to-night. But, since my wife has discovered the arrangement, I see the enormity of my error, and shall send an excuse.

CLEOPATRA enters in her own dress, and listens.

Ant. *(Firmly.)* Yes; this last scrape has brought me to my senses. I'll reform, and be steady. Poor Cleopatra! I've behaved very ill to her. If I can persuade her to forgive me, I'll turn over a new leaf, and be a pattern husband. But I fear I have driven her from me for ever!

Cle. *(Who has been listening with breathless attention.)* Antony!

Ant. *(Starting.)* Ah! *(Affectionately.)* Cleopatra!

Cle. Do you truly repent?

Ant. I do, I do.

Cle. Will you promise never to deceive me again?

Ant. Yes, dear Chloe, yes.

Cle. Will you love me as dearly as ever?

Ant. Dearer, dear Chloe, dearer!

Cle. Honour?

Ant. Bright and shining!

Cle. Take away the screen.

Ant. *(Hastily removing the screen, and embracing her.)* Oh, you dear angel!

Cle. Hussar!

Ant. Lighterman!

Cle. Never again?

Ant. Never!

Cle. Go on.

(They embrace.)

Ant. This is comfortable. Oh, you dear little devil, how you frightened me with your mysterious gentleman! *(Laughing.)* Oh, what a fool I was not to know my own clothes! You made a very natty little man. Now what shall we do to celebrate our reconciliation? I have it!—I'll be paralyzingly patriotic—I'll take you to the masquerade to-night!

Cle. Hussar!

Ant. Lighterman!

Cle. Honour?

Ant. Bright and shining!

Cle. Go on.

(They embrace.)

Ant. Now put on your dress, and we'll try our new "Gitnacachucacracoviennebolerotarantella." *(Embracing her.)* Oh, you dear little devil, I love you better than ever. *[Cleopatra exits into room, R. H.]* Fol, de rol-lol, &c.,—*(dancing and singing)*—

I've got a new lease of my life. It's a strange fact in matrimonial statistics, that a good quarrel is a wonderful promoter of domestic happiness—reconciliations are so sweet—(dancing and singing)—tol de rol-lol. Now for my toilet. (Bringing forward a trunk from under the shop board.) Ah! here you are, old fellow,—(taking out hussar dress)—as fresh and blooming as ever. (Hitting it.) You fascinating scoundrel! you little know the mischief you've done in the world, and the number of broken hearts you've to answer for. Damme, when I've got you on, I'm a perfect epidemic among the women—a regular Julius Cæsar—a see-saw and conquering chap. One, two, three,—(smiling and winking grotesquely)—poor little dears; it's all over with them. Let me see, the wig, the cap, the jacket, the—what-d'e-call-'ems. (Putting them on a chair, the trousers fall on the floor.) Ah,—(placing screen across the stage at the back)—that's right! I'll be strictly proper. (Catches up wig, jacket, and cap, and retires behind the screen.) I flatter myself I shall astonish the natives to-night—(throws coat and waistcoat over the screen)—when Chloe and I appear in our new "Gitanacachucacracoviennebolerotarantella." (Throws trousers over screen.) Taglioni, Fanny Ellsler, and Carlotta Grisi may shut up shop. Eh, hollo! I've forgot the indispensables. (Looks round the screen in alarm, and sees them.) They are out of distance, and it won't do to appear without—no. Ah, necessity is the parent of invention; I'll put on my dressing-gown. (Wraps the screen round him, jumps to the trousers, picks them up, and jumps back again.) Victoria! I've got them. Now, in five seconds, I shall be in marching order. Hollo! what the deuce have I done with my braces? Never mind, I can manage without them. Now for the jacket. What heavy swells we military men are, to be sure; our waists are so thin, and our chests are so thick; we're like the Irish gentlemen—elegant Paddies. Now, I flatter myself I'm rather a killer. Now, Lighterman, are you ready? Cleopatra. (Without.) Yes, hussar; go on.

Ant. Then fire away.

(A chord.—He comes from behind the screen in his hussar's dress, at the same moment CLEOPATRA enters

from R. H. room, dressed as the Debardeur, they run down to the front and strike a dancing tableau.)

Ant. Oh, you angel!

(Embracing her.)

Cle. Hussar!

Ant. Lighterman!

Cle. Ha' done, do.

Ant. For old times, dear Chloe.

Cle. Go on.

(They embrace.)

Ant. Au galop!

(Waving his cap.)

Cle. Au galop!

(Waving her cap. They take hands, run up the stage, and dance a new Parisian Pas, called the "Gitanacachucacracoviennebolerotarantella.")

FIGURES.

AIR—"The Galop."

Balancez in waltzing attitude—galop rapidly round, changing arms—balancez in waltzing attitude—galop singly up stage, Antony turning, L. H., Cleopatra, R. H.—meet c. and form attitude.

AIR—"The Gitana."

Advance to meet each other in the attitude of defiance—chassez down stage—cross in front—chassez up stage—advance with cachuca wriggle—bolero pirouette.

AIR—"The Galop."

The galop as before—turn off L. and R. as before—cross at back and chassez to front—form attitude, Cleopatra, R. H. l E., Antony, L. H. l E.

AIR—"The Tarantella."

Advance and meet c.—chassez round—advance arms akimbo—lock right arms and chassez rapidly round—lock left arms and chassez rapidly round.

AIR—"The Galop."

The galop as before—turn off R. H. and L. H.—Cleopatra jumps on the counter, which is under R. H. window, and throws herself from it into Antony's arms, à la Grisi in the "Peri."

TABLEAU—CURTAIN.

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